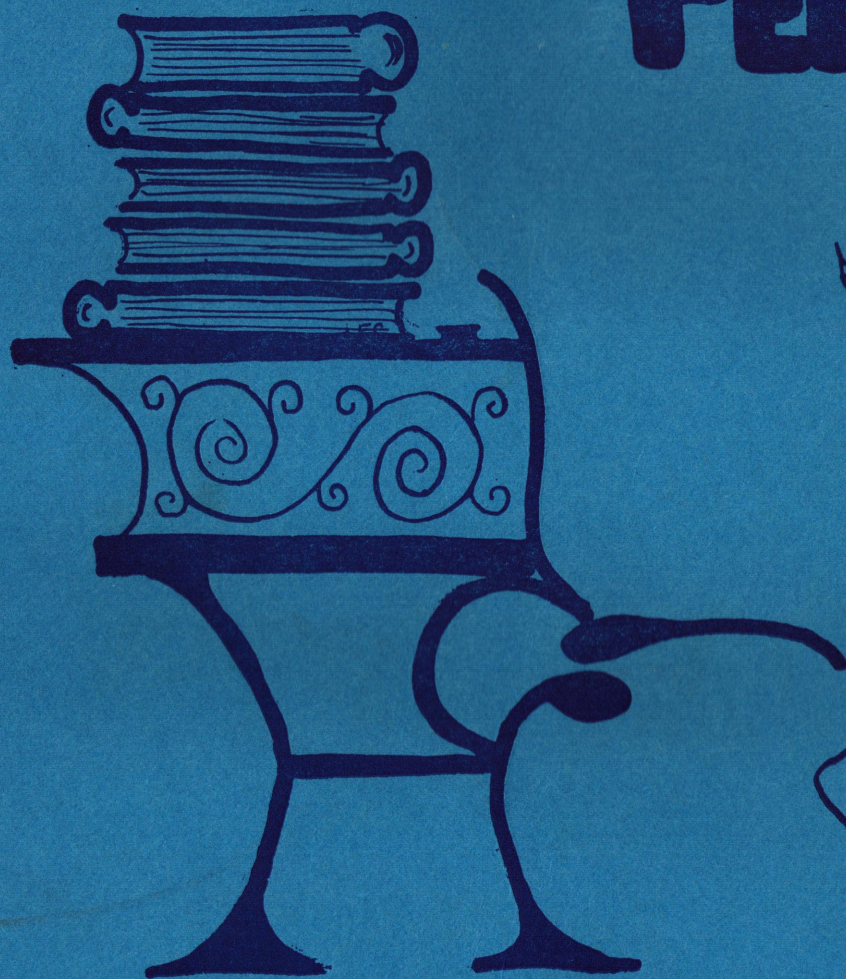


# THE STUDENTS' PEN



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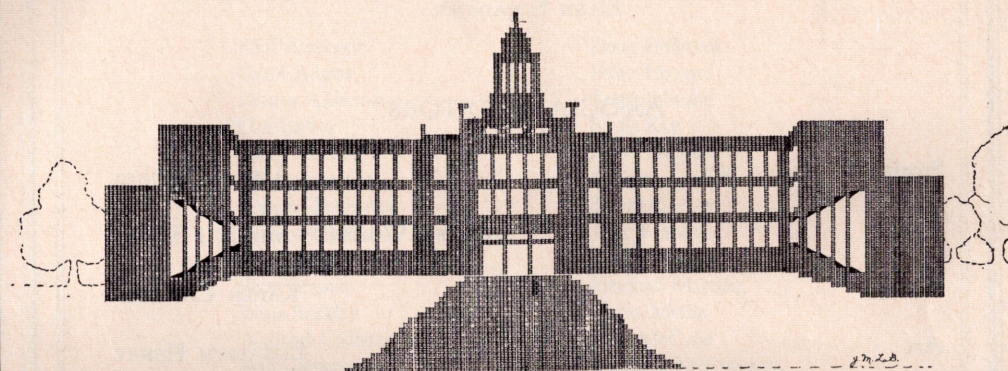
# The Student's Pen

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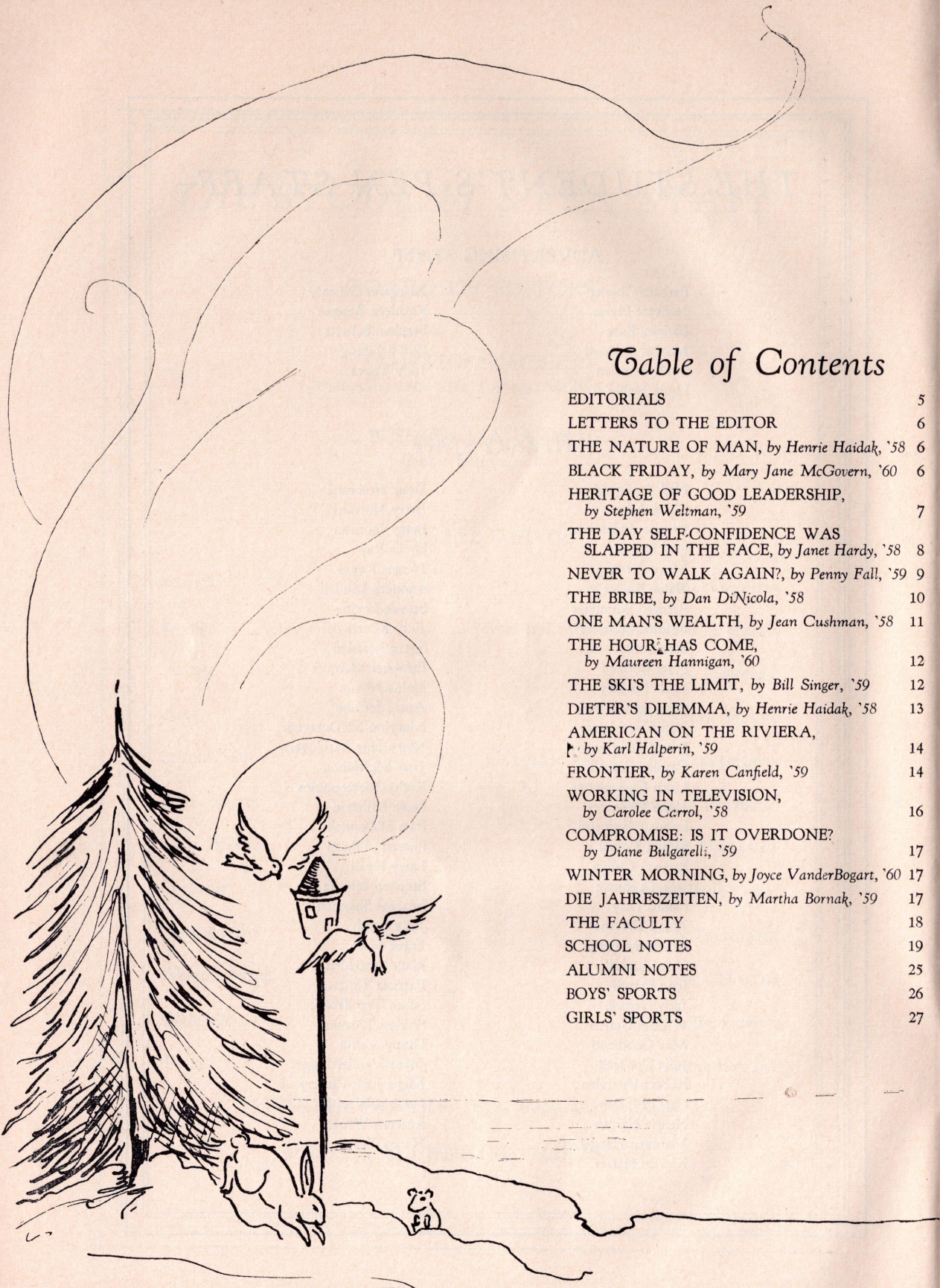
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## Table of Contents

EDITORIALS	5
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	6
THE NATURE OF MAN, by Henrie Haidak, '58	6
BLACK FRIDAY, by Mary Jane McGovern, '60	6
HERITAGE OF GOOD LEADERSHIP, by Stephen Weltman, '59	7
THE DAY SELF-CONFIDENCE WAS SLAPPED IN THE FACE, by Janet Hardy, '58	8
NEVER TO WALK AGAIN?, by Penny Fall, '59	9
THE BRIBE, by Dan DiNicola, '58	10
ONE MAN'S WEALTH, by Jean Cushman, '58	11
THE HOUR HAS COME, by Maureen Hannigan, '60	12
THE SKI'S THE LIMIT, by Bill Singer, '59	12
DIETER'S DILEMMA, by Henrie Haidak, '58	13
AMERICAN ON THE RIVIERA, by Karl Halperin, '59	14
FRONTIER, by Karen Canfield, '59	14
WORKING IN TELEVISION, by Carolee Carrol, '58	16
COMPROMISE: IS IT OVERDONE? by Diane Bulgarelli, '59	17
WINTER MORNING, by Joyce VanderBogart, '60	17
DIE JAHRESZEITEN, by Martha Bornak, '59	17
THE FACULTY	18
SCHOOL NOTES	19
ALUMNI NOTES	25
BOYS' SPORTS	26
GIRLS' SPORTS	27

# EDITORIALS

## A Valuable Addition

By Bill Singer, '59

THREE cheers for Pittsfield High School's new science club! Its creation has filled a place long vacant in our list of extra-curricula activities, and we hope it will become a source of instruction and enjoyment to an increasingly large number of students. Under the guidance of Mr. Hennessey and Mr. Leahy, the newly formed club is currently organizing and deciding on methods of operation; and while it is still too early to say anything specific about the club's activities, several benefits to students and school alike are clearly forthcoming.

Most important, the club will provide students with a means of developing their particular scientific interests with the aid of school guidance and school facilities; each member will be working on a relatively advanced project in a field of his own choosing. Furthermore, there are several competitions, state-wide and national, for project work on a high school level. It is to be hoped that Pittsfield will supply contestants (and perhaps winners!) to them—not only a valuable experience for the participating students, but a gain in prestige for our school. Indeed, the new club is likely to prove a very noteworthy addition.

## Don't Forget The Other Subjects

By JoAnn McMahon, '58

IN the present rush to introduce more science and math into higher education curricula, it seems quite possible to us that the other subjects, such as the humanities and languages, may suffer a depreciating blow. While it is quite evident that technology is going to play an ever-increasing part in America's future, it is also a widely recognized fact that a good liberal arts education is the best basis for any field of specialization.

The humanities and languages are equally as important as science and math, for they are necessary to balance one's personality. In fact, one of the nation's top technical schools, M.I.T., is placing a new stress on languages and such cultural subjects as the study of art and music. These schools have found that their students could not express themselves fluently; thus they have incorporated more English and foreign languages into their curricula, for language is the communication of ideas. The other cultural studies should enable these future scientists to better understand and appreciate the world, which they will someday control, and its people. So students, please don't forget your other subjects!



To the Editors of THE PEN:

Why doesn't THE PEN have a comic strip? I think it would make the magazine more interesting. And of course the people that cannot read could just look at the pictures. Seriously, I think it would be welcomed by many readers.

Sincerely,

Mary Lou Farnsworth

*Ed. Note*—We should be happy to use cartoons if they are submitted to us.

To the Editors of THE PEN:

In the first issue of this magazine Casey's Column was mentioned. Why haven't you had it?

Elaine Bernardo

*Ed. Note*—You will be hearing from Casey in the next issue.

## THE NATURE OF MAN

By Henrie Haidak, '58

Man strives  
To be better than himself.  
Yet always he falters,  
Not knowing,  
Not realizing  
That this is his destiny.  
His blood will shed,  
His sweat will form,  
His strength be used,  
And—all for nothing.  
That is man.  
He will try,  
He will not succeed.  
Still he will go on:  
With his blood shed,  
With his sweat formed,  
Refusing to accept the certain defeat  
Of realizing default.  
Man is stubborn  
With a strange valor.  
Faced by the insurmountable,  
He batters his head against iron walls.  
Yet, with body broken, blood shed,  
Still he goes on.

## Black Friday

By Mary Jane McGovern, '60

TO those endowed with the privilege of being educated, there are four especially detestable Fridays in a year. The bleak, dismal attitude taken by all towards these days of doom can be attributed to only one thing—REPORT CARDS—those innocent-looking pieces of paper which so greatly influence our future.

Many different reactions can be observed. Most people fall into one of three categories. The first group consists of the "cool, calm and collected," who either know that, they did so well that they don't have to worry, or else are fairly confident in their lenient teachers. Group two includes the "perpetual worriers," who, for days before that "day of destiny," are frantic over their *supposed* failures. These people usually wind up in a much better position than anyone else. Lastly, we find our "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die" class. Life to them has always been one gay time, and they don't intend to have anything change now. Just as the previous ten weeks' work had no special effect on them, neither will the marks that follow. Fortunately, (or unfortunately, depending upon your point of view) there are not too many of these individuals.

Most of us, however, no matter what attitude we claim to take, feel some emotion when the fateful moment arrives. As we gaze at these "achievement records," and then at our friends around us, we see and feel mixed reactions. Tinges of elation, desolation, and even despair are evident on many faces. If only all the resolutions made in this short period were kept throughout the coming term, what a joy the teachers' work would be! But unfortunately, they won't be kept, and next "Black Friday" will follow true to form.

## Heritage of Good Leadership

By Stephen F. Weltman, '59

IT is curious that the birthdays of two of our greatest patriots, statesmen, leaders, and presidents should parallel each other so closely, for their achievements have likewise linked them together in history. Their deeds have become synonymous with devotion to the causes of liberty, equality, democracy, and Union. As Washington valiantly struggled to free this country from the domination of colonialism, so Lincoln strove to save that nation from dissolution. Every year at this time we come to pay homage to these patriots, not merely as a sacred symbol of the strength and purity of our heritage, but as a reminder of the lessons which their exemplary lives have taught us. We have forgotten in part the virtues which have kept their names in the hearts of patriotic Americans for so many years: the devotion to purpose, the exceptional quality of leadership, the integrity, and the wisdom and foresight which have characterized the service of these men. These are the lessons which greatness teaches, of which we must be occasionally reminded, not merely to be filed away for quick reference at a later time, but to be practiced in everyday life.

America has always been fortunate in having able leadership. Whenever there has been a struggle for survival, the ablest men of the nation have come forward to offer their services to the patriotic cause. Washington began that tradition even before the Revolution. His able leadership was imperative to the ultimate victory of independence and the establishment of the Republic. But his accomplishments did not end there, though he had already earned a page in history. He assumed the reins of leadership in the newly

established nation, guiding it through those trying first years of independence. In short, to Washington went the task of unifying our great land and establishing its prestige throughout the world. This task he handled with marvelous devotion and capability, laying the foundation upon which our great land has grown to a position of world leadership.

Lincoln, on the other hand, acquired the task of saving the labor of nearly a century from total destruction. Though he was unable to prevent the dissolution of the Union and the destructive conflagration which followed this tragic event, his devotion to the cause of liberty and equality under the Constitution was instrumental in the Reconstruction which followed, leaving the United States stronger, more "united," and with more world-wide prestige than ever before. His influence is still a major factor in the maintaining of American leadership abroad.

There have been other American Washingtons and Lincolns who have been the sung and the unsung heroes of our country's crusades. Their devotion and patriotism have often led our country to victory in times of despair. America has always had the leadership necessary to rouse the people from complacency to absolute and united action. It is now, more than ever before, imperative that we heed the warnings of Lincoln and Washington and dedicate ourselves to the cause of patriotism. In order to survive, we must unite under the exceptional leadership which we have been and still are fortunate enough to have. This is the message of the Lincoln-Washington heritage, the message we must remember as we celebrate the anniversaries of these great patriots.



## 'The Day Self-Confidence Was Slapped in the Face'

By Janet Hardy, '58

THE snow was glazed with an icy crust and sparkled in the mid-morning sunshine. The air was crisp and bracing like a cold shower. I was ready.

Although I was a novice, having never been on skis before, I considered myself superior to all other novices and was prepared to prove it by swooping gracefully down the hill in front of my house like an eagle. Even my mother's sarcastic comment that (in my bulky ski suit) I resembled a stuffed pigeon more closely than an eagle didn't dampen my enthusiasm. I nonchalantly waved farewell to my parents, who were posted at the picture window as I waddled awkwardly across the yard.

After halting at the road's edge until I neither saw nor heard a car, I slid precariously across its slippery surface. (Blast the town anyway! I should think that they'd sand the roads at least once in a while.) At the opposite side of the road, I stopped again to consider a new development. A trench four feet deep and three feet wide separated me from the hill. My self-confidence wavered for just a moment, and then I realized what my course of action would be—to ski across the trench. Savagely, I dug the points of my poles into the snow; but instead of gliding over the trench as I had expected, my skis plunged like a wounded bird into it! There I was with my skis in the snow, stuck at an eighty degree angle with the trench bottom, my head thrust into the snow on its side.

"Blast," I thought as I considered my plighc, "that maneuver wasn't very professional."

Removing my head from the snow, I gazed hopefully about for a means of extricating

myself from such a predicament. And what an undignified position! The landscape offering no help, I began struggling and finally managed to free the tips of my skis from their snowy grave. A lot of good that did! Now I was sitting in the lowest spot of the trench with my legs stretched before me and my skis pointing threateningly toward the sky. To say the least, I was frustrated.

Like a drowning man, my life flashed before me, for I pictured myself hopelessly condemned. I felt I would either freeze or starve to death in that wretched trench within earshot of the cars slipping over the glazed road not six feet from me. Who would think to look for a missing girl in a ditch right across the street from her home? I could just see my poor devoted mother shedding oceans of tears when the men of the State Militia informed her that I was nowhere to be found.

Shaking off these melancholy thoughts, I tried to rationalize, but when one faces such impending disaster, self preservation is all the mind can concentrate on. Throwing caution to the wind, I battled fiercely to get out of my snowy prison—to no avail. Then it occurred to me that my poles were hindering me more than helping me, so I flung them from the ditch. Then I twisted and turned and struggled and fumed and, by some Herculean feat, found myself kneeling beside the ditch gazing into its depths.

Trying to regain some dignity, I struggled some more until I stood upright, brushed myself off, recaptured my poles, and with a contemptuous leer over my shoulder at my ex-prison, I waddled off into the distance to meet my next adversary, the Hill. (P.S. This year I'm taking skiing lessons as a beginner.)

## Never To Walk Again?

By Penny Fall, '59

NEVER to walk again! How on God's green earth could they dare say he would never stand at his full six feet alone again? What was a guy to do—a week ago star half-back for a championship football team and now a crippled nobody with a steel pin wedged in his spine? How had it happened?

It was an ideal day for football, weather-wise. No clouds in the sky. A dark-blue background greatly enhanced nature's brilliant show of colors, and a steady stream of eager fans made their way into the enormous oval-shaped stadium, their breath evaporating rapidly into the crisp air as they talked in great anticipation of the contest before them.

But down in the dark of the locker room, there was no chatter, just the short, hurried breathing of twenty-five nervous young men waiting, like horses at the starting gate, for the moment when they could release all their pent-up energy in one combined effort to gain their goal, the state championship.

Finally, the time did arrive when all the sweat, strain, aches, and pains of those "well-into-dusk practices" that he and the rest of them had suffered would tell. Had it been enough? It had gotten them this far, but would it boost them over that last, almost insurmountable obstacle?

As he stood and watched the brown pigskin as it made its majestic arc and sped toward his waiting arms, he knew, for the knowledge of his athletic capabilities had become widespread and the opposition was out to shackle him at all costs. From the moment his cleats touched the lush, green turf they tried to stop his churning muscles from carrying him to further laurels. Not until the second half, after he had run rampant over all defenses, did they stop him. And then it was for good, maybe forever.

One came high, the other low, and with a cry of agony, his body was twisted in mid-air into grotesque shapes and struck the broken sod as if it was hurled into a cement wall. He lay there, his upper limbs writhing in pain while his lower form stayed motionless, his face a mask of excruciating agony and fear.

Then there was a rapid series of events, seen by him through the haze of semi-consciousness—the stretcher, the ambulance, the operating room, doctors and more doctors, but always the ever-constant pain.

And now as the sun shone across the snow-covered windowsill and the sparkling white sheets under which he lay, he knew what a guy had to do. Gripping the protective steel sides which encircled his bed, using every ounce of strength he possessed until his knuckles turned white with the strain, he slowly pulled himself to his full six feet—alone. Who on God's green earth dared say he would never walk again?

### NIGHT SOUNDS

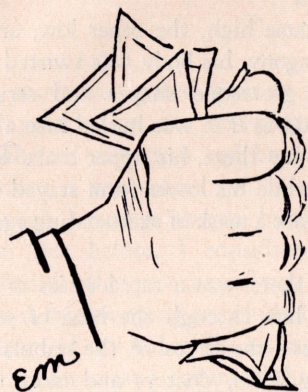
By Karen Canfield, '59

A lone bell tolls,  
A youngster rolls  
Over in bed.  
A tree-trunk creaks,  
A trumpet shrieks  
Where lights are bright.  
It's one o'clock  
When comes a knock  
Upon the door;  
Your next-door friend  
Wants you to lend  
Him taxi-fare.  
At last all's still.  
Now take a pill  
And go to sleep.



## The Bribe

By Dan DiNicola, '58



AS the first sign of sunshine broke out, a group of boys were revealed walking down the main street toward Melikan High.

There was glee written all over their faces.

"What a game," exclaimed a skinny boy with light blonde hair and a boyish face.

"You're not kiddin'! What a game Terry played! Twenty points and twenty-six rebounds," remarked a statistical-minded boy with a scorebook in his hand. "Boy, would I like to be in Terry's shoes."

About a block away in a shabby apartment house, presumably happy Terry Prescott was sitting at the breakfast table with a sort of fear written all over his collegiate face.

"Terry, eat your breakfast! What's the matter, anyway?" inquired his mother, a white haired lady of about fifty. "Is there any . . ." The phone rang.

"I'll get it, Ma," said Terry. "Hello," a sinister voice answered.

"Don't forget, Terry. I'll see you after practice tonight. Twenty-five hundred now and twenty-five hundred after the game. If you want to go to college and help your mother out, you better be off in the game tomorrow night. See you tonight."

Apprehension grabbed Terry. "What'll I do? We need the money. We already owe two months' back rent," Terry thought to himself as he slowly walked out of his apartment.

That afternoon in practice Terry prepared the coach and team for his expected terrible performance, but, of course, they thought it was from the strain and tension of last night's game.

After practice, Terry waited at the appointed place. A heavy set man approached, who the night before had introduced himself as Mr. Garcia. Briefly, he handed Terry an envelope and reminded him of his obligation.

The next day Terry couldn't think in school. His mind was on the game. Nobody would think anything. They'll just think it's a bad night.

The night of the game finally came. Terry was off. He only scored a layup and a foul shot in the first half, at which Melikan High trailed 40-29. After a shaky first two minutes of the second-half Terry was substituted.

While Terry was on the bench he had a lot to think about. He glanced around. There was Mom, up there rooting for the team, and about every ten seconds looking toward the bench with a discouraged look on her face; there was Garcia, an ugly smirk on his face; and Nancy, there she was, sitting there with melancholy written all over her.

Then it happened. All of sudden the team spurted into a scoring streak. Everybody was scoring. Terry took another look at his mother, his girl, a prolonged glance at his teammates.

With one minute left in the game, they were behind 79-75. The coach rose.

"Terry, go in for Johnson." The crowd

## One Man's Wealth

By Jean Cushman, '58

met him half-enthusiastically as he went in.

Terry took the ball out. As he dribbled down court a hole through the middle was spotted. When he was ten feet from the hoop he jumped! . . . swish! 79-77 with twenty seconds remaining. The other team would try to freeze the ball; passes back and forth. A pass was deflected. In a flash Terry was down court. He went up; the whistle blew; the final buzzer rang; 79-79. A foul had been called. Terry would receive one shot. As he stood on the foul line he thought back. His mother's discouraged look, his girl's stunned glare, Garcia's ugly smirk, and finally his teammates with their tense looks. He had made up his mind. The referees demanded quiet. Terry shot . . . Good!

The next few minutes were hectic. He was hoisted up and taken to the locker room. Tomorrow he would give Garcia his money—that is, if the big man didn't come after it. His team deserved to win more than he deserved to go to college.

After much celebration, Terry returned home. His mother was waiting up.

"A Mr. Balmer from State University was here, Terry," she said. "They're prepared to offer you a full tuition scholarship if you're willing to play ball for them. A Mr. Garcia was here too. He said you had an envelope for him. I found one in your desk drawer and gave it to him. He seemed satisfied.

"Mr. Balmer'll be here tomorrow to talk with you. He had another appointment."

Terry hugged his mother, as he claimed, "Ma, I feel great."

## SNOWFALL

By Karen Canfield, '59

Hush—hush—the snow is falling,  
Swirling in a gust of wind,  
Blotting out the weak, pale sun.  
Listen—there's a cold wind calling,  
Spreading snow upon the landscape  
Till the winter's work is done.

ONCE knew a very wealthy man. In fact he may have been the richest man in the world. No one knew the extent of his wealth, and while he may have had some idea of how wealthy he was, I doubt that he knew exactly. You may think that because of all this wealth, he would be a pompous and insufferable man. Such was not the case; in fact, he was quite the nicest person I ever knew. He was neither very good looking nor very bad looking. He was a rather meticulous fellow. Some might consider this a drawback, but if you knew him you would not think so. Intellectually he was a giant; however, this did not prevent his being enjoyed by everyone, particularly children. All who knew him, loved him, this richest man in the world. Perhaps you see why he was the richest man in the world. He had a keen mind, a loving heart, and many friends. What more could any man have?

## DEATH

By Allen Tymczuk, P.G.

Death stood on a distant hill,  
Watching o'er the forms so still  
Of mankind fast asleep.  
When the sound of a distant shout  
Made Death start and turn about  
To see a child in pain.  
Then from Death by mercy good  
Through the sky and o'er the wood  
A lightning bolt did fly.  
When the thunder did subside,  
Another life had joined that tide  
That ebbs from dawn to dawn,  
And Death stood on a distant hill  
Watching o'er the forms so still  
Of mankind fast asleep.



## The Hour Has Come

By Maureen Hannigan, '60

I AM alone. So alone that my dreams are hazy. My heart is empty. I have lost all emotion. It does not stir me as I see my bleak miserable world fall completely from under me, as it has a thousand times or more. Memories of the past only pierce my heart with a frightening blow. Oh, heaven! What I have lost!

If I were able to have regained just one grain of hope, of faith, or of love. Oh, just to laugh once more, or to weep with sorrow. I long to rise with the sun and sleep under the stars. If my life were a harmonious symphony it would be a tribute to heaven itself. It is far too late. I am nothing but regretful now. I might have mellowed with the passing years, but I deserve nothing. Not a thread of consolation is mine. If someone were standing by me sharing my misery and comforting me, I would be able to bear it. but I have been proud and vain, loved nothing but my own detesting image. God himself has only been a secondary feature in my life. How then am I able to cry to Him for mercy, when I have shown no mercy? Can I worthily beg his forgiveness when I have forgiven no one, and accept consolation when I have not consoled those needy? I can blame no one but myself. I know now the shame of my errors.

I know that no earthly treasures are worth eternal suffering. The only truly great treasure that can be obtained on this earth is the assurance of salvation. It is handed to everyone. I have been too proud to accept it. I am sorry. For the time has come for me to begin my dreaded journey, I really never thought it would come. The unforeseen springs upon you, when you least expect it. If I were only prepared. I regret that I have never been prepared during my entire life. Why should I be ready for the inevitable—death?

## THE SKI'S THE LIMIT

By Bill Singer, '59

Cuthbert had only skied in the Big Town,  
So he promised himself a treat:  
Next vacation he'd go  
To a regular show,  
And come home to boast of his feat.

Cuthbert dreamed as he waxed and sanded,  
And felt as light as a feather.  
What more could one ask?  
What mattered the task?  
The only thing left was the weather.

So Cuthbert took train to the Berkshires,  
And found it as balmy as spring.  
With anxious eye  
He scanned the sky,  
But nary a flake did it bring.

Came the day when his prayers were  
answered;  
The hills were covered with snow.  
He gulped down his breakfast,  
To his plans he was steadfast,  
So he hied himself off to the tow.

Hail to our hero, starting out at the top;  
Cuthbert flies down like the wind,  
When horrors! Alack!  
He skids on his back!  
In the shape of a pretzel he's pinned.

Cuthbert took train to the city,  
His bandages hugging him tight.  
The following day  
The want ads did say:

"Will exchange new skis for  
some good books to read."

### Epilogue

Cuthbert returned to his subways,  
But we know his kind of cuss;—  
When he's done with his sling,  
I can tell you one thing—  
He'll be trying again, I truss!

## Dieter's Dilemma

By Henrie Haidak, '58

AFTER many years of experience, and much observation. I have come to the conclusion that people may be divided into two groups—dieters and non-dieters. Unfortunately, I belong to the former.

This by itself would be troublesome enough. I have the added problem of being an extremist in my class. I am one of those poor souls who go through life hopefully trying every new diet, every new diet wafer, every new diet control—every new diet *anything*. I am one of these obsessed beings who cannot pass a scale without feverishly pushing a penny into the slot and then breathlessly awaiting the little card (complete with fortune) bearing the ominous figures. Usually, the cold black print is quite disagreeable to me, and, if so, I remain in a disgruntled mood for the rest of the day. Sometimes, I optimistically excuse a few pounds because of a "heavy" overcoat or perhaps that I forgot to discard my shoes, although sometimes I acknowledge the bitter truth. Someday I think I'll purchase a scale which will register five pounds lighter. I will then exist in a world of delusion, but it will be a happy little world—no problems, vexations or diets!

I have spent hours convincing myself how mad I am about cottage cheese and skimmed milk. Have you ever seen skimmed milk? When one desires a coffee malt, the bluish, thin, watery substance is an extremely disappointing substitute.

Thus, I would probably have been a happy, triumphant, and thin person long ago, but for my conflicting desires. I want to be pathetically thin, but I have the appetite of a boa constrictor. It is annoying; I would even go so far as to call it exasperating, but try as

I will, it is almost impossible for me to summon the will power to refuse that rich, chocolate candy bar, or perhaps some buttercrunch ice cream, and settle for a head of lettuce. I personally have nothing against lettuce, but there is something beautiful and terribly inviting about "forbidden fruit." And once I have tasted, there is nothing that is able to hold me back. I become as one possessed, with an almost insatiable hunger; I am able to sit for hours, methodically cramming my insides full of those miserably fattening sweets.

Afterwards, when the deed is done, I am despondent. I sadly clamber onto my well-used bathroom scale, and I see the worst. The numbers bear witness to my crimes. My low spirits begin to rise, however, when I bolster my morale with the consolation that this will positively never happen again. I will be firm! I will be strong! I will abstain from chocolate cake, candy and ice-cream! I will never raise my eyes to soda, pie or fudge!

Actually, it will take hardly any effort, because I saw this new gelatin diet . . .

## WINTER SEA

By Karen Canfield, '59

The sea is restless, wild today  
As frozen arctic winds sweep down  
And carry chunks of ice away  
To unknown lands.

The gulls are giving forth their cry,  
And rising from the crested sea  
With outstretched wings, take to the sky  
In hungry bands.

All Heaven scowls with darkened face  
As lowering clouds appear and pour  
An avalanche of silver lace  
Upon the sands.



## American on the Riviera

By Karl Halperin, '59

AFTER extensive travel in northern Italy, our troop boarded a motor coach to make the long drive from Genoa to Nice. We especially anticipated this trip, since the route was directly in line with the famous resorts of the Italian and French Riviera.

All along the way we could not help but be inspired by the colorful and lush foliage which lined the roadside. The more distant hills with their verdant growth and rocky pinnacles were breathtakingly beautiful as an expression of the grandeur and magnificence of nature. At various points we were privileged to see majestic groves of large-petaled flowers. Later we learned at Grasse, the center of the perfume industry, that these flowers were grown expressly for the manufacture of its important export.

After a ride of five hours, we stopped to rest and stretch our legs. This gave us the opportunity to bask and swim in truly southern exposure—the clear blue waters of the placid and warm Mediterranean. Running barefoot through the soft and deep white sand, we plunged headlong into the water. After our swim, refreshed though still tired, we continued on our way toward Nice.

Following a brief customs inspection at the frontier, we entered France and the French Riviera. We noted at once that the natural beauty on the French side of the Riviera was quite the same as that of the Italian. However, the beaches were more extensively adorned and built up with modern homes and hotels as far as the eye could see. The fact that so many of these buildings were new, indicated that the French Riviera is in the throes of a boom, with its fame as a resort multiplying by leaps and bounds.

In time we caught a glimpse of Monaco, a small principality in southern France. We passed through the tiny state and saw many gambling establishments, including the world famous Monte Carlo. We were also fortunate enough to view the palace, the home of Prince Ranier, the ruling monarch; but, alas, Princess Grace wasn't to be seen.

We eventually arrived at Nice and there were tendered a fine reception by the employees of the hotel at which we were to stay.

We all agreed that our trip through the Riviéras was indeed enjoyable and interesting.

## Frontier

By Karen Canfield, '59

WITH my eyes still closed, I bounded out of bed and stood rooted to the floor in surprise—but not for long. The intense cold of the small room, built under the eaves of the house, made me grab for a quilt. This wasn't my room! It looked as if it were centuries old, with bare, rough-hewn flooring, a single candle and a basin of water on a rude chest, and a bed with rope springs in the corner. I grabbed up clothes that had been neatly laid out for today, and, shiver-

ing, put them on. The dress was of brown linen, high-necked and very plain—but it was warm, and that was all that mattered to me at the moment.

I had a sick feeling in the pit of my stomach. I should never have wished to be back in the "good old days"—but how on earth could I have known that Someone or Something would take me seriously? Now, what could I do?

I went into the main room and saw that

it was a rude cabin, chinked with moss, with skins hanging on the walls, and windows of oiled paper. A fire was licking eagerly at some logs on the hearth, and an iron pot which was filled with bubbling mush hung over it. A smiling woman, who I suppose was in her early forties (though she looked much older), was busy setting the table. I helped her, and soon a man and two boys, eighteen and fourteen, trooped in, carrying wood for the fire. This must be my family, I told myself.

Breakfast was a hearty meal, for there was much to be done before noon. Dad and Matthew and Joachim (I had learned their names) went out to tend the traps. The snow was deep, but they were wearing snowshoes which were copied from the Indians of the territory. I talked with my mother over the household chores, and learned that I had had a younger sister, Cressie, who had been killed by the Indians two years ago.

Nausea swept over me when I had to help skin a deer, and tan its hide. It was necessary to rub the skin with the animal's brains and fat to make it pliable, stretch and dry the skin, and chew it to make it soft. We were nearly finished when Matthew, my eldest brother, burst through the door. "Indians!" he cried. We gathered up all the bullets and powder and put them on a table within easy reach, shuttered the windows, and loaded the extra guns. Joachim and my father hurried in, having bolted the animals in the barn.

The war screams echoed through the forest, and rattled the pewter plates on the shelf. Bullets and arrows thudded into the walls, but we held our own and felled several Indians. Matthew said that there must be at least twenty outside, waiting for our bullets to give out. He grabbed the gun I handed him and killed one who was trying to force open the door.

We had extinguished the fire for fear that the cabin might burn down, and the Indians

saw their chance, for three of them came down through the chimney. Mother saw them, and held them off with desperate courage and an iron poker until a tomahawk blow ended her gallant struggle. Matthew died in fierce hand-to-hand combat with a redskin, but not until his enemy, too, was fatally wounded. Our guns were of no use, not being loaded at that time. While Joachim sprang to the aid of his father, a bullet from outside felled him; and Father went down under the attack of the two braves. The rest of the war party broke through the door and began to scalp my family. I struggled with a warrior, striking out with a frying pan, but it was knocked from my hand, and desperately, I clawed at the Indian's painted face; but it was useless. There was a sharp pain across my throat, a warm stickiness, and then darkness.

I awoke in a cold sweat, shaking all over. Snapping on the light, I breathed with relief to see my comfortable, familiar bedroom. All was the same; I'd had a nightmare.

I reached up to turn off the light, and in the ensuing darkness, my heart froze with what I had seen. Under my nails, there were greasy red and yellow smears.

## THOUGHTS ON LEAVE-TAKING

By Karen Canfield, '59

Perhaps, if I only tried,  
I could leave this maudlin world;  
And if my lonely spirit cried  
Loud enough to hear,  
I would leave this place of chains  
And look upon a rose dew-pearled,  
And make a nectar of the rains,  
And never have to fear.



## Working in Television

By Carolee Carroll, '58

PEOPLE in general believe that television is the easiest form of show business. It isn't. It really is about the hardest and most tiresome job of the theatrical world. It is tiresome, not only because of long hours, but also because of the tremendous tensions that develop from work in this medium.

When I chartered my attempts into this field of Show Business, I found it extremely difficult. For example, in CBS, when one has an appointment for a part tryout, he must bring a picture with his background on the blank side. The requirements are that the performer act out three, four-minute skits, which are tape recorded in a control room in one of the studios. After completing these requirements the actor is told that he will be notified within three months if he has successfully passed the test. When the letter does arrive, it's the happiest day of the performer's life. From then on his picture is put on file, and he has the chance to audition for a job at that network when the opportunity arises. At some of the other stations, such as NBC and ABC, a picture with the actor's background is all that is needed.

In my experience with CBS, I waited about six months before I was finally offered a part on a new show. It was a weekly program, which lasted about six months, but because of my lack of companionship with children my own age, I left. Being tutored and working six hours a day proved to be too much for me. Although that job didn't last long, the experience was undoubtedly worth it. For awhile, all I did was toothpaste, cereal, soap and chocolate milk commercials. With these jobs I was gaining more experience for the bigger and better things to come.

About six months later, I had the opportunity to audition for a major part on the

show "Studio One." After days of auditioning, I was given the part of a schoolgirl in "Sara Crewe." We rehearsed every day in a large hall and on the last two days our rehearsals moved to the studio. On entering the studio I found it hard to believe that anyone could move among the tangle of wires and cables, but somehow we all managed to do so. When the day of the final dress rehearsal arrived, we had a surprising little accident. There were two glass globes sitting on the bannisters of the stairs of a set, and, as an actress passed by, she accidentally knocked one of these off. The globe landed on the head of another girl who fainted and remained out cold ten minutes before she finally regained consciousness. This occurred approximately two hours before showtime and really put the cast's nerves on edge. Then to make matters worse, five minutes before the show was scheduled to begin, the directors removed one scene and transferred the opening speech to another actress. By the time the music started, the muscles in my stomach were becoming quite tense. I couldn't remember my opening lines; everything seemed to go wrong, but as soon as my first cue came, everything fell into its right perspective and turned out well.

The one thing that makes television the hardest theatrical medium to work in is the fact that the performer has only one chance to turn out a good performance. It is not like the theater on Broadway, where the thespian repeats the same thing over and over again, always striving to perfect his performance; nor is it like the movies in which a bad scene may be retaken as many times as necessary. Television is truly hard work; however, I feel that its compensations far outweigh any complaints an actor might have against it.

## Compromise: Is It Overdone?

By Diana Bulgarelli, '59

Almost anyone would say, if he was asked, that he is completely honest and aboveboard in his dealings with others. However, only one out of ten, or possibly twenty, would be telling the truth. The fact is that people tend to ignore the little things that crop up and think only of big things.

There are few who can ask themselves, "Did I ever cheat in class? Did I ever drive faster than the speed limit? Did I ever tell a lie, not even a little one, or gossip about someone?" and get no for an answer. This is because of the big compromise. A person will let some little dishonest or slightly shady act go by because he thinks it's common and harmless. "Everyone else is doing it, so why can't I," he rationalizes.

Then the little things grow slightly bigger, like cribbing in class, and habitual deceit. Granted that one can't be perfect in everything, our standards can and should be higher, not only in judging others, but for ourselves. Unless we stop compromising on the small niceties of dishonesty, we'll be a bunch of Don Quixotes attacking a windmill of crime which we shall gradually have built.

## Winter Morning

By Joyce VanderBogart, '60

Winter has covered the land with a cellophane of sparkling ice and isolated it with a blanket of quiet. Only the wind is alive today. It rattles the naked trees and knocks on the windows of houses. It sets my skirt to flying and my mind to thoughts of distant summer. It searches for something to move or play with; finding nothing it whines un-

happily. It whips around vacant cottages and across the frozen lake.

The sky is gray; on the east it is red from the sun's attempts to penetrate and warm the bleak world. The grayness of the sky seems to envelope everything—the leafless trees, the gaping mailboxes, the claws of blackberry bushes, fences, the sleeping gardens. One by one the frozen cars come to life and crawl cautiously along the icy road until they disappear into the grayness. They, too, are quiet and remote. We huddle close together, not so much to warm ourselves as to relieve the loneliness. Our voices are strange and remote.

This is winter. It is a gray world covering the promise of spring and the sunshine of tomorrow.

## DIE JAHRESZEITEN

By Martha Bornak, '59

Im Fruhling ist es warm.  
Es ist kein Grund fur Harm.  
Die Vogel singen.  
Die Blumen bluhlen.  
Eine frohliche Zeit fur Reich und Arm.  
  
Im Sommer ist es heiss.  
Es ist nicht Schnee oder Eis.  
Die Tage sind lang.  
Die Nachte sind kurz.  
Auf den Bergen wachsen Idelweiss.

Im Herbst wird es kuhler.  
Die Arbeit beginnt fur Schuler.  
Die Blatter fallen.  
Die Blumen sterben.  
Das Getreide ist gemahlt von dem Muller.

Im Winter ist es frostig.  
Der Wind weht manchmal heftig.  
Die Flocken fallen.  
Die Seen frieren.  
Die Kinder sind gluckselig.



# THE FACULTY



MR. ROBERT BOLAND

Mr. Boland is a well-known teacher at Pittsfield High. He has taught English here, but more recently became Art Supervisor. Although art is his first love he has often said of his old English classes that "they almost won me over to teaching English."

No matter which of the subjects he teaches, Mr. Boland is more than qualified. He was an English major at the U. of M. and also studied fine arts. As assistant director of the dramatics club at that university, he helped put on such plays as "Brigadoon," "Student Prince," and others. He gained his master's degree through a teaching fellowship at Boston University where he was also active in dramatics. Throughout his life he has maintained this interest in all aspects of the theatre, including acting, directing, designing, and writing. He has written plays, three of which have been published, and he expects to write more.

Here in Pittsfield he directs the Town Players and has put on operettas at both

junior highs. At P.H.S. he is now directing "The Taming of the Shrew," an immense undertaking. When asked about the cooperation of the students, he said, "I think they're wonderful." He has sent out a request for all sorts of cowboy regalia to be used in the play, which is to have a Western setting. Boots, hats, guns, and holsters will be welcomed and will be returned after the production.

His favorite sports are soccer and swimming but he likes to hike above anything else. His project for this summer is "to hike the full length of the Appalachian trail from Maine to Georgia." When you realize how many projects this man has carried out you can very well imagine that he'll make it.

## Eat, Drink and Be Merry

By Shirley Albright, '60

Would you like to escape cleaning your bedroom on Saturdays? Well, here's an idea.

To start off right, pretend to be sick and, for added effect, give a few moans and groans. Go to your closet and get out the food you stored in the shoe bags. Then get the soda you kept cold in cold water in the bathroom sink. Start reading comics. Oops, here comes your mother. Hide the half-eaten banana under your pillow, and put the bottle of soda under your bed. Since you only have about twenty-five comics out, stuff them under your covers and lie on them. Hide the uneaten food in the bookcase over your bed. You are so used to the smell of Limburger cheese that you forget it's very odorous. Your mother peeps in and sees her "little darling" sleeping. She smells something funny, but she thinks it's just the furnace acting up, so she goes away. You bring out the food, soda, and comics again for a peaceful day of leisure.

# SCHOOL NOTES

## The Taming of the Shrew



By Susan Maislen, '58

ONE of Shakespeare's most amusing comedies is now in rehearsal at P.H.S. and will be produced sometime in March.

Under the direction of Mr. Boland and Mr. Herrick, *The Taming of the Shrew* is being presented for the first time as a modern production. Western settings and costumes are blended together to make a very colorful staging.

The co-chairmen for this drama are Anthony Polidoro and Judy Leahey.

Other committee chairmen are:

PROGRAM—Wilma Spadafora  
Sandra Martinelli

PUBLICITY—Bernard Murphy  
Ellen Schainuck

POSTERS—Shirley Thomas  
Richard Ormsbee

TICKETS—Richard Merrill  
Linda Koscher

USHERS—Jo Ann McMahon  
Robert Simmons

STAGING AND SCENERY—Michael Segala  
Julee Russo

PROPERTIES—Paul Francese  
Paula Spasyk

LIGHTING—James Quirk  
John Falkowski

COSTUMES—Elaine Bertolino  
Jeanne Gilardi

MAKE-UP—Joan Ryan  
Edward Tierney

ORCHESTRA—Nancy Albright

## ORCHESTRA

In case you have heard wierd sounds coming from the band room lately, the reason is the orchestra is trying out new numbers for a spring concert. They are *Temptation* and *Begin the Beguine*.

## MUSIC NOTES

Band and Choraleers

Both Band and Choraleers are working toward the same objectives. In the spring they are going to attend the Western Massachusetts Music Festival and, also, they are giving a spring concert. Since the Band is planning a trip to Washington, D. C. again next year they hope to add a little more money to their "kitty" to help send them.

Dance Band

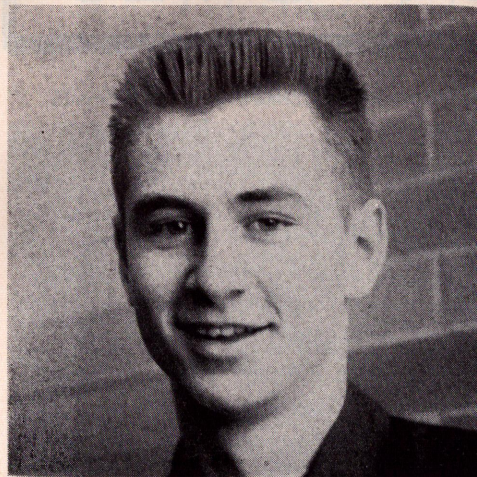
If you have gone by the Boys' club recently, you most likely have heard our fabulous Dance Band. They are rehearsing for a concert to benefit the Band's trip to Washington, D. C. next year.

\* \* \* \* \*

The other day a certain sophomore was looking for Jan Gross. She found him . . . in his locker! It turned out that he was just trying it out for size.



# WHO'S WHO



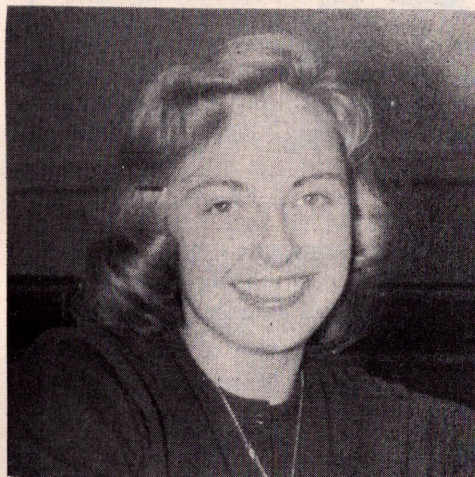
**"BUD" TIERNEY**

Meet "Bud" Tierney, an active C.P. senior, who has served on the Student Council for two years and is a member of the track team as well as manager of the basketball team. Bud is also co-chairman of the Make-up Committee for the "Taming of the Shrew." Last year he was a member of the Upper Classmen's Club and served on the Junior Prom Decorating Committee.

In the future, "Bud" hopes to attend college. Best of luck in all you attempt.

**JO KESSLER**

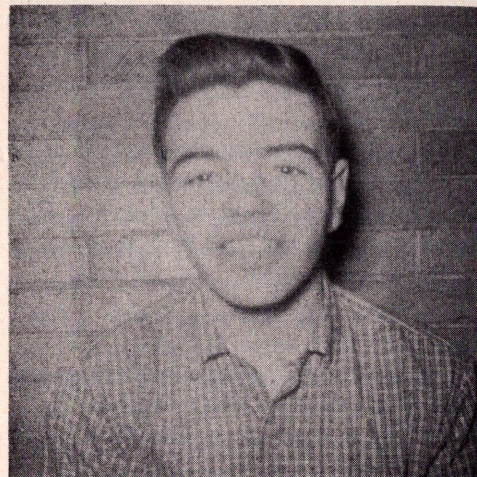
Meet Jo Kessler, a popular senior taking the C.P. course. Jo is known by everyone as a varsity cheerleader and will be seen as Bianca, in the coming presentation of "The Taming of the Shrew." Her activities for the past two years have included volleyball, basketball, softball, field hockey, and home room representative. This year Jo is a representative to Massachusetts Student Government Day. Future plans include college at Ohio Wesleyan with a teaching career in mind.



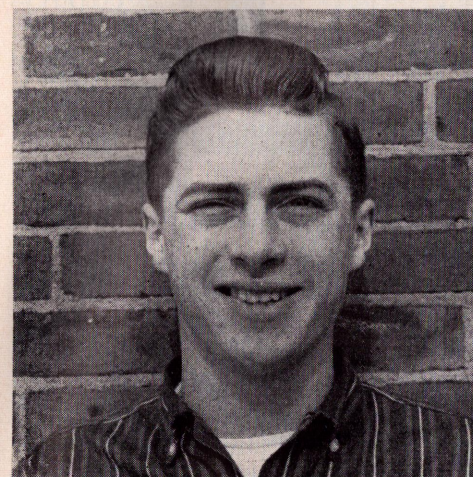
**RICKY HOESKE**

Amiable Ricky Hoeske is a familiar sight around Pittsfield High. In addition to being one of the "starting five" on the basketball team, he takes part in many other activities. A Pep Club member, Ricky has served on the Junior Prom decorating committee, the ring committee, and has been on the election committee for the past two years. He is currently serving as secretary for Senior-Hi-Y.

After graduation Ricky plans to attend college. We wish him success in the future.



# WHO'S WHO



**BOB WALKER**

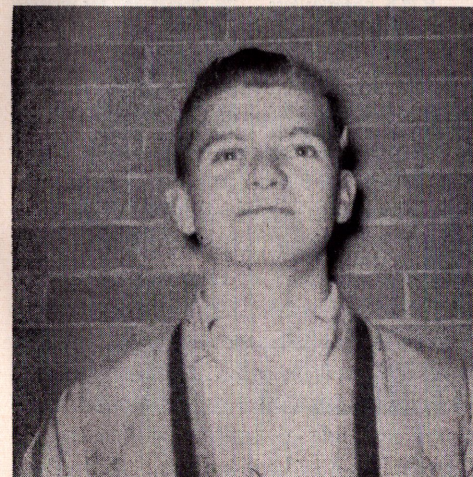
Bob Walker, a tech senior, has been an active participant in class activities since his sophomore year when he served as Home Room Representative and as a member of the Student Council. Boys' vice-president of the Junior Class, Bob also was on the decorating committee for the Junior Prom. He was re-elected as Boys' Veep this year.

Bob hopes to attend either a military or maritime academy upon graduation and we all wish him the very best.

**MARY CAROLAN**

Meet Mary Carolan, an active senior taking the College Prep course. Besides being a Home Room representative, Mary is co-editor of the School Notes for THE STUDENT'S PEN and editor of Classroom Scenes for the yearbook. Last year she was on the Junior Class Council and was co-chairman of the Junior Prom. She has also served for two years on the election committee.

Mary's future plans include college.



**"WOODY" WOODARD**

This is "Woody" Woodard, president of the Pep Club and co-captain of the ski team. In his junior year Woody was a home room representative, sub-treasurer of his class, co-chairman of the ring committee, and a member of the track team.

After graduation from P.H.S., "Woody" would like to go to either the University of Mass. or the University of Vermont where he hopes to ski, among other things, like studying. Best of luck, Woody.



## HI-Y AND TRI-HI-Y

Looks like busy days ahead for Hi-Y and Tri-Hi-Y, with two out of town visits in prospect. The Tri-Hi-Y's will send representatives to the annual Older Girls' Conference in Pawtucket, R. I. on March 21-22, and both Hi-Y and Tri-Hi-Y have been asked to join with Connecticut Valley clubs in a Youth and Government program to be held in Springfield, April 19.

"Buildings for Brotherhood," current Y.M.C.A. world service to establish housing for Y.M.C.A. units in foreign countries, is the main project of Pittsfield Clubs this winter. The faculty basketball game and dance, sponsored by Beta, Zeta's P.H.S. pen-nant sale, and Sigma and Delta's popcorn sale were for this project. Zeta, Beta, Theta and Hi-Y Omega will sponsor the Sadie Hawkins Dance, and Sigma, a Winter Record Hop late in February.

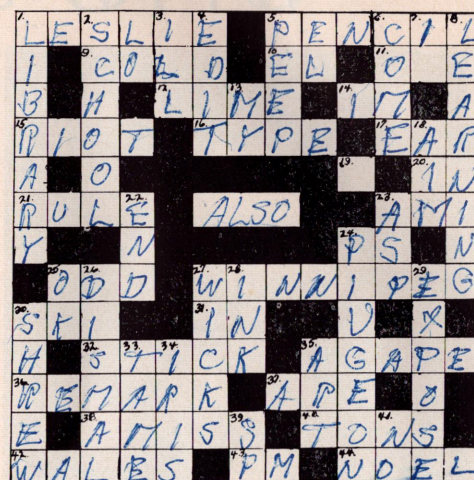
Gamma is assisting Policeman Paul Trumbull in his annual Penny Drive for Polio. Omega is planning a skating party, and Alpha is to have a clothing shower for the children of a deserving family. The sale of pep tags and the Harvest Hop, conducted by the Senior Hi-Y, and the Victory Dance, sponsored by Alpha, Delta and Gamma, were other events of the winter season.

Phi-Hi-Y has sold nearly 600 Buzz Books to date. Better get yours before the supply is exhausted.

## THE PEP CLUB

The Pep Club is now well established and their last project, selling basketball pencils, was very successful. It showed great enthusiasm and school spirit from the students. The proceeds from the selling of the pencils will go for an award the Pep Club will present. The final plans for the award have not been completed.

## CROSSWORD PUZZLE



## ACROSS

- 1 Captain of P.H.S. basketball squad
- 5 A cylinder of lead used for writing
- 9 Winter weather
- 10 Slang for overhead railway
- 11 A lyric poem
- 12 Light green color
- 14 Contraction of "I am"
- 15 Tumultuous disturbance
- 16 To copy or represent
- 17 A human organ
- 19 First person singular
- 20 Opposite of "out"
- 21 Something made to be broken
- 23 A friend (French)
- 24 The initials of the captain of the P.H.S. cheerleaders
- 25 The numbers 1,3,5,7
- 27 Capital of Manitoba, Canada
- 30 D. W.'s favorite winter sport
- 31 What some students seem to have with teachers

## DOWN

- 1 Between rooms 231 and 212
- 2 Our second home
- 3 From Asian flu
- 4 To revise
- 5 To glance quickly
- 6 Opposite of "to go"
- 7 Abbr. of "identification"
- 8 What teachers give us
- 13 Possessive form of "I"
- 18 A goal
- 22 Finish
- 23 A poisonous snake of Arabia and Africa
- 24 An English actor: Walter —
- 25 All right
- 26 Dreary, bleak
- 27 Burned part of a candle (plurals)
- 28 Something for writing
- 29 To uncover
- 30 Taming of the —
- 33 To domesticate
- 34 Part of the eye
- 35 Mr. Boland's subject
- 39 Naval police
- 41 Negative

Answers on  
Page 24

## TECHNICAL NEWS

Around this time of the school year, Mr. Coughlin and Mr. Maihl may be seen talking together rather frequently. They, as most of the Tech. seniors know, are making tentative plans for the Tech. seniors' field trip or trips. These so-called field trips are tours of various industries which employ electrical mechanisms. A guide at the industry will explain and demonstrate the functions of the complex instruments. To date, Mr. Coughlin and Mr. Maihl are scheduling one or two of three possible trips. The three trips being considered are the Crane Paper Co., the General Electric High Voltage Laboratory, and the Western Massachusetts Electric Company's Cabot Hydroelectric Station at Turners Falls. At Crane's government mill, the exacting operation of electronic production equipment will be observed. This equipment is necessary to produce the fine quality paper essential for paper currency. At the G.E., research consultants Dr. T. W. Liao and Mr. John G. Anderson will demonstrate high voltage techniques. Similarly, Mr. Raymond Flynn, a Western Mass. Electric Co. representative, will arrange an interesting tour through the hydroelectric station. The seniors, after completing the tours, will be requested to write reports summarizing the trip. These reports then will be submitted to their English and electricity instructors for grading.

Mr. Green's Technical sophomores have been as busy as beavers. In the Tech shop, they have made many useful items. For example, they have produced the bases for the Christmas trees used at the school's Christmas pageant. While in the Christmas spirit, they constructed the properties for the Christmas pageant at the Coolidge Hill School (Berkshire Crippled Children's Home). Furthermore, they have installed a window ventilating system in an office on the second floor. Two bulletin boards which are nearing completion will be utilized in the near future. But not all products produced are employed

by the school. Many items such as endtables, knick-knack shelves, book cases, nightstands, and fancy twin lamps find their way into the student's homes.

## RETAIL SALES NEWS

On January 9, 1958 the "Sears News Graphic," the Sears Roebuck company newspaper published in Chicago, featured in a one page spread our retail course here at P.H.S. This paper has a circulation of about 144,000. Needless to say we were very proud to have such a wonderful honor. The class spent a great deal of time planning the displays in R. 107 in preparation for the visit from Mr. John E. Terrell of the Public Relations Division of the Sears Roebuck Foundation who made the report to the newspaper. Mr. Terrell visited the class on November 22. A photographer took pictures of the room and the class in operation. It was certainly a red letter day and one the class will be talking about for a long time. A copy of the newspaper is on the bulletin board in R. 107. Stop in and take a look!

The retail class reported back to school after the Christmas season with a month's full time work to their credit. The course schedule is set up so that student trainees are available to work in their respective cooperating stores full time during the month of December. On December 4, the students started their four weeks' career as business people. When they returned to school January 6, they made a full report on their work experience. Every student felt he benefited a great deal from this arrangement and under full time employment received valuable knowledge and training which will help him as a future retailer.

## Loyalty!

What cheerleader was cheering partially for Dalton and partially for Pittsfield at the basketball game the 17th?



## SCIENCE CLUB

The new Science Club of Pittsfield High has chosen the following officers: President, William Singer; Vice-President, Joseph Gougan; Secretary, Vicky Fielding. Mr. Leahy is the tentative head of the club. During the remainder of the year the Club will have speakers, take field trips, and work on individual projects.

## SENIOR CHAIRMAN

The seniors were measured for their caps and gowns on Thursday, January 16. The committee was headed by: Joan Scalise, Elaine Bertolino, and Tom Budney.

On January 21, the Senior Class Council elected Mary Carolan and Kirk Leslie co-chairmen of Senior Class Day.

## What To Do?

DO you get bored during vacations? You may find something you like when you see what these people are going to do this vacation.

Carol Varanka—"Not study!"

Fred Cox—"Sleep."

Sheila Kay—"Homework, of course!"

Jerry Blair—"Eat, sleep, drink."

Ursula Pytko—"Go water skiing."

Mike Mole—"Pack a suitcase for the bus to Russia."

Pat Leahey—"Play miniature golf."

Bo Jordan—"Go to Florida in my cousin's suitcase if there's room."

Rose Carlo—"Learn how to read."

Ricky Hoeshe—"Get a suntan."

Jo Kessler—"Hibernate."

Matty Collins—"Form a Polar Bear club."

Barb Dillow—"Ski as much as possible."

Ricky Morwick—"Play pool."

Henrie Haidak—"Shudder over the March achievements!"

Jeanette Flynn—"Bomb around in my little black car!"

## Answers to puzzle on page 22



Bev Brent was in such a hurry to get to school last week, that she grabbed her books and ran out of the house. When she got to school, much to her surprise, she discovered she had grabbed her father's work instead of her own. Mr. Brent obligingly came to school to give Bev her books and to recover his work!

## THE PERFECT SYSTEM

By Jane McMahon, '59

I wish that I knew of a Little Blue Man,  
Who worshipped me, as in the song.  
I'd stick him inside of my big pocketbook,  
And carry him there all day long.  
And then when those darned departmentals  
arrived,  
I'd sneak him right into my desk.  
And up through the inkwell the Little Blue  
Man  
Would help me to not flunk my test.

## ALUMNI NOTES

BILL SMITH ELECTED CO-CAPTAIN OF  
DARTMOUTH SKI TEAM

Bill Smith has been elected co-captain of the 1957-58 Dartmouth College Ski Team.

Bill has spent the last two years skiing under ex-coach Walt Prager and has contended in many national and international races. He competes in both Alpine and Nordic events and in 1956 won the skimeister at the Williams Winter Carnival as the outstanding skier in the meet. In the Internationals at Stowe last year, Bill placed twentieth in the combined standings.

He is a geology major and a member of Theta Delta Chi fraternity.

Allan Cassidy—NORTHEASTERN

Robert Loebelenz—TUFTS

Anthony Adornetto—R.P.I.

Robert Rohlf—U. OF NORTH CAROLINA

Kermit Pruyne—U. OF MASS.

Harry Reinhold—BOSTON U.

Marie Cozzolino—

ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL SCHOOL OF NURSING

Brenda Barton—SYRACUSE U.

Phyllis Benson—BOSTON U.

Elaine Cancilla—

SCHOOL OF AMERICAN BALLET

Thomas Mulcahy—U. OF MIAMI

Sally Hickey—RUSSELL SAGE

Adelaide Dorfman—BATES

Marcia Allen—CORNELL

Esta Harris—U. OF MASS.

Jane Massimiano—U. OF MASS.

Sharon Tufts—

BRIDGEWATER STATE TEACHERS

Kay Smith—BATES

Charles Creran—U. OF MASS.

Henry Allesio—W.P.I.

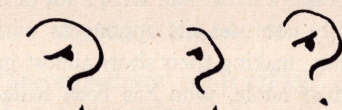
## Vivien A. Levitt in BRYANT Play

Vivien Levitt, '56, was in the cast of the play, "The Man Who Came to Dinner," presented recently at Bryant College, where she is a student. The presentation was by the "Masquers," dramatic society at Bryant.

## NORWICH Student in Greek Play

Howard Pierson, '57, was in the cast of Sophocles' "Antigone," presented by the Pegasus Players, Norwich dramatic society. Howard is a freshman.

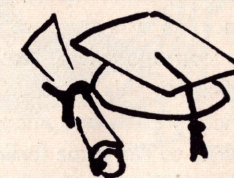
## In a Nutshell



## Sophomore Year



## Junior Year



## Senior Year



# BOYS' SPORTS

## BASKETBALL

Although our football season did not turn out as many of us had expected, it appears that our basketball season will more than make up for the loss. Under the able leadership of Coach Hickey, it looks as though Pittsfield High's basketball team will probably be going all the way this year.

Height, experience and bench strength are prime factors for any successful basketball team and Pittsfield High has all three.

Leslie, Mancivalano and Cox are pretty rough men to handle underneath the backboards, as many an opponent has discovered. Dick Hoeske, a little man with a lot of drive, thoroughly confuses his opponents with his wild antics, making their shots almost impossible. Mike Mole, who has been hailed by many sports writers as the "brilliant playmaker from Pittsfield High" is really living up to his title this year. The "Mole to Cox" pass is usually the start for the opening basket in many games, and then followed by Mike's coolly setting up many plays for his teammates.

When you add height, experience and bench strength to rebounding ability, the ability of breaking up an opponents' defense, and the ability of thoroughly confusing an opponent, plus the self-confidence, which each one of our players possesses, the answer comes out to a winning team—our team!

But let no one confuse self-confidence with over-confidence, as was the case one fateful day not too long ago when Pittsfield High first played St. Joe this season. That night Pittsfield's victory path was almost blocked. Each of us went to the game feeling that we were "tops" and that St. Joe was nothing. Our team was rated to win by ten points at least. We won alright but by one slim point.

## TECH BOWLING LEAGUE

There have been a few changes in the statistics of the league at this point. The "Misguided Missiles" are still holding 1st place with a 37-19 record. "Houndawgers" are in 2nd but way behind the "Missiles." They have a 27-29 background. In third place, the "Alley Kats" have won 25 and lost 31. The "Kats" are moving up. They were in last place when the last issue of THE PEN was distributed. The "Alley Aces" have dropped one place into 4th. They go 23 wins—33 losses.

Dave Cox is the new high triple champ with 338. Pete Traversa set a new high single record with a fabulous score of 143.

However the race is not over yet. Look for the league reports in every issue of THE PEN.

## HOCKEY

P.H.S. hockey is now well under way. Mr. Blowe, coach of the hockey team, has the boys practicing every night after school. The team, under captain Dave Miller, is a hustling, spirited group which lacks experience, but the boys should improve after a few more games. Thus far they have played four games which they have lost to Lenox, Darrow, La Salle, and Cranwell, but even though these games were lost, there was a good show of team spirit and the will to win.

The team is fairly strong with Miller, goalie Dick Decelles, who has many important saves to his credit, Mat Collins, Ed Barzottini, Jim Quirk, Kirby Degnan, Alan Freeland, and Jeff Burns, who received a serious cut above his eye in the Cranwell game. I am sure I speak for all P.H.S. when I say "good luck" to Mr. Blowe and the hockey team.

# GIRLS' SPORTS

## VOLLEYBALL

Well, they did it again! After winning the fall hockey tournament, the junior volleyball team defeated both the seniors and the sophomores. The juniors, Nancy Richmany, Pat Pellowes, Ursula Pytko, Carol Sachetti, Pat Benoit, Carol Gomes, Joyce Borden, Cherie Goyette, and Barb Trzcinka—under the expert leadership co-captains, Pat Leahey and Penny Fall, swept the series by winning four games in a row.

The seniors took second place by winning two out of the four games. The Seniors on the varsity were co-captained by Patsy Ryan and Lorraine Maslanka. Senior players were Judy Rohlf, Ruth Henderson, Carol Varanka, Sandy Martinelli, Marty Richmond, Barb Cultrera, Debbie Dalton, Linda Henrickson, Jane Barlowe and Shirley Thomas.

Although the sophomores won no games, they put up a terrific fight. The sophomores were co-captained by Bev Weber and Emily Logan. Those on the team were Linda Castagnetti, Barbara Chonen, Donna Daly, Priscilla Merlet, Karen Henrickson, Sandy Cook, Pam Sloper, Barbara Quay, and Linda Jenks.

The jayvee junior volleyball team, under the able guidance of their co-captains June Satrape and Jeanette Flynn, won the jayvee tournament. The vee bee juniors were also victorious.

## BASKETBALL

The basketball season has finally started and 100 girls have signed up. The seniors are to captain the teams during the "round robin" tournament. From these teams will be chosen the varsity and junior varsity teams for each grade. Good luck, girls!

Something new will be added!! "Miss Mac" says she hopes to make the talent show an annual event. The varied talent, which included singing, dancing, pantomime, instrumental numbers, and a march by the Cadettes, was enthusiastically and successfully exhibited by the students. All proceeds from the show will go to the Cadettes' Scholarship Fund. Congratulations to "Miss Mac" and her associates and to the students who helped make our first talent show a success.

## JUST A SNOW BUNNY

By Henri Haidak, '58

The snowflakes' cry is calling;  
I answer eagerly,  
And hie myself to Bousquet's  
Where I attempt to ski.  
Attempt's the right word usage,  
For though I try to ski,  
My energy is spent in vain,  
For I'm a snow bunny.





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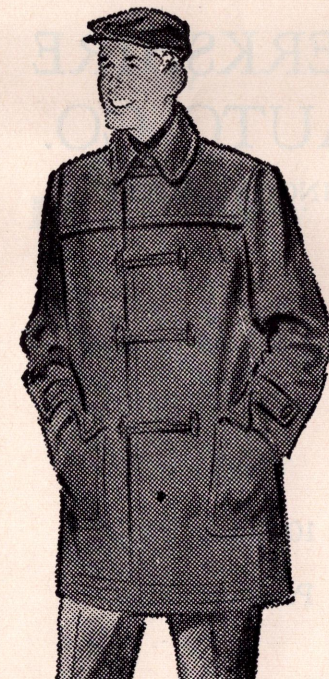
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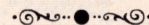
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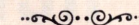
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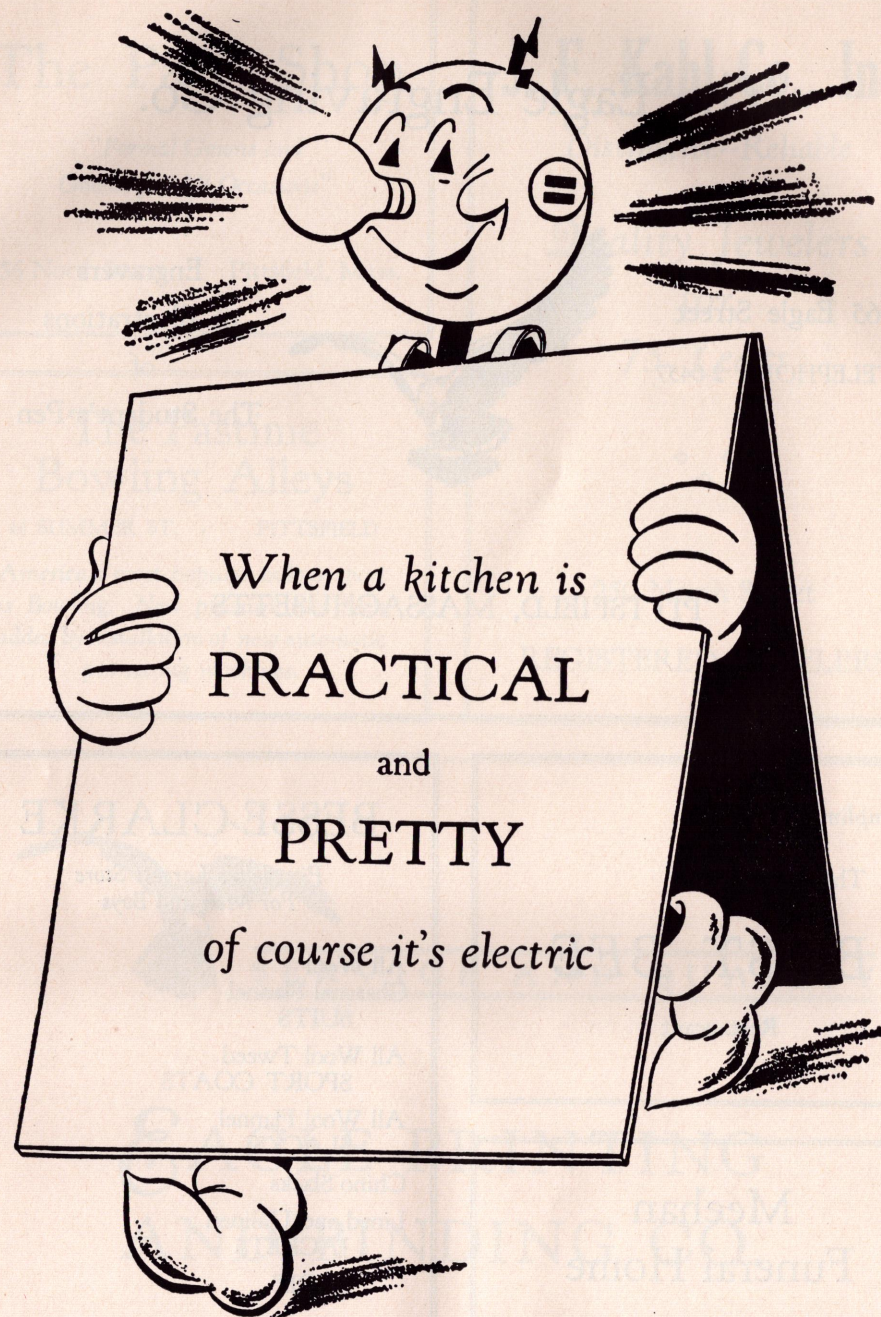
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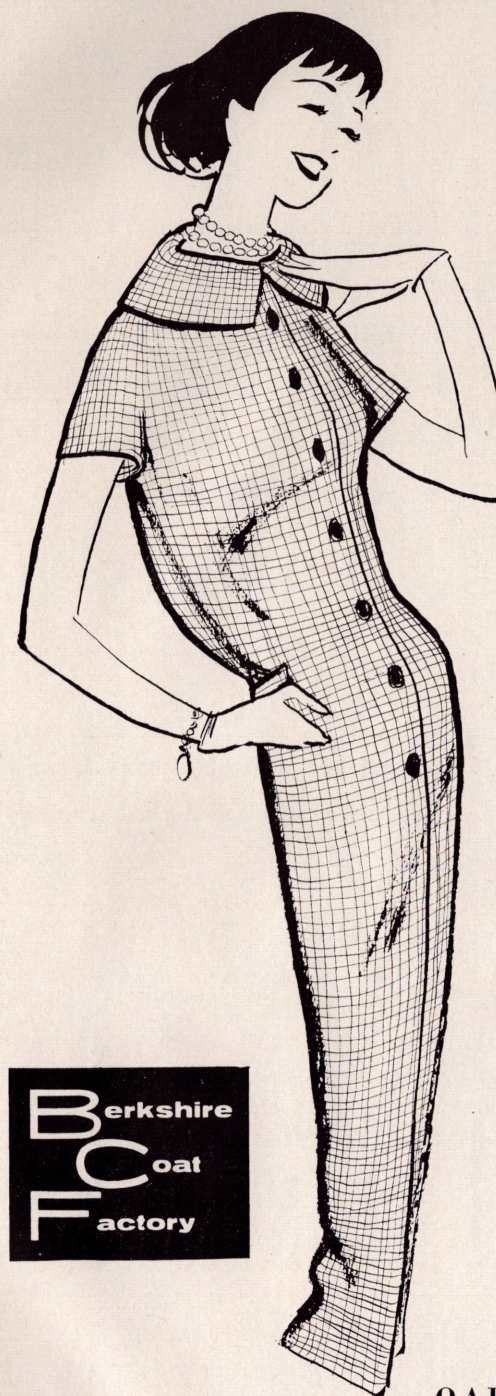
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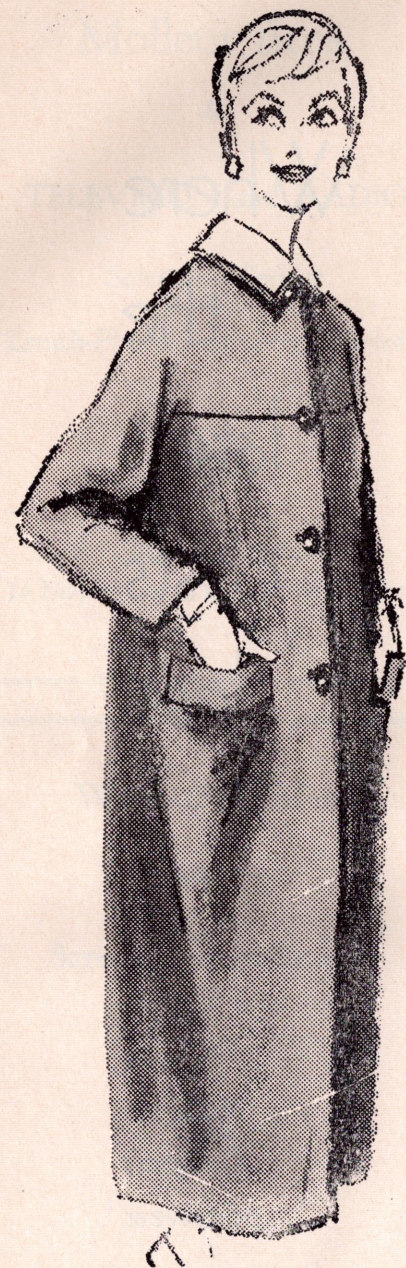
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